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BOSTON ART GOSSIP.

Boston seems to be a kind of preparatory school for New York and other cities. Young artists are lured to Boston by hearing it spoken of as the intellectual centre, but they soon find out that Boston society, engrossed with receptions, recitals, lectures, pink teas, etc.—each in their only little sphere—has but little time to patronize art, and all the young artist gets of Boston advantages are perhaps its beans.

Within a few years they have lost Dewing, H. O. Walker, Appieton Browne, Vonnoh, Porter, A. W. Dow, etc.

Nevertheless, as an artistic centre, Boston is only second to New York.

Peintres Arrivés, those painters are called in Paris, who have gained an established reputation and a ready sale for their pictures, and whose ability it would be a vain attempt to deny. In Boston the following names readily suggest themselves first: *Waterman, Enneking, Gaugengigl, Tompkins, Vinton*, and lately *Tarbell*, who has put himself on their level by winning the Shaw Prize at the Society of American Artists. *E. C. Tarbell* is above all else a technician whose vigorous, dashing brushwork is always sure to attract attention. This is also the principal merit of the prize picture. But a life-size nude, painted after a model of the lower classes (while the hands and feet were taken from a print of an old master) a bathing tub and a servant girl with a towel rubbing her mistress, are not strictly arrivé. His style however is catchy and at present the fashionable one. For the next few years we will see in every exhibition several pictures like his "In the Orchard,"—four life-size girls and a young man in summer garb (typically American, with a Howellsque flavor), sitting in an orchard doing nothing.

One of his apostles, who paints very much like him, has often asserted that the American Art Exhibit in Chicago is better than that of any other country. If such be the case it is only because other nations have failed to send their best work. But Tarbell's apostle has something else besides the glory of his country in view, for he generally remarks a few minutes later that their own pictures were the best in the American Exhibit. This must be very gratifying for Tarbell, who has, let us hope, the courage of egotism, which every introducer of a new style is obliged to possess. He exercises a great influence on the development of Boston art, as he is a great favorite among his pupils at the Art Museum, whom, sorry to say, he teaches to paint in his style. A good painter is very seldom a good teacher.

Marcus Waterman is one of the veteran artists of Boston who belonged to the set who often met Wm. Hunt and Robinson at Marlave's French Restaurant. He is very popular among the young artists, who always pay him a visit on their arrival in Boston, as one of the "old masters." If there were a little more congeniality among artists they would give him a torchlight procession before long. On entering his dusky studio at 616 Washington street, which is quite Oriental in character, something appeals to us that is generally missing in our American surroundings and

that the artist would express by "there is atmosphere in it." He is a very brilliant causer and says more bright and original things in an hour's conversation than other people manage in a week. The young artist could hardly get a better lesson in painting than to accompany him to an exhibition and hear his remarks on pictures; for instance, such a keen spontaneous remark as he made on Winslow Homer's "Fox Hunt," representing a pursued fox in a snowy landscape with flying crows, but the latter looked rather heavy, as if they were hanging motionless in the air. "You see," remarked Waterman, "that when he hung up his stuffed crows in the room he forgot to stretch out a white sheet under them to give the reflection of snow." Waterman is also quite a chemist and has written a book on pigments, the durability of which he has tested by years of experience; he has kept all the different colors, of as pure a fabrication as he could secure, exposed on little pieces of cardboard hung around on his studio walls. As an artist, Waterman could be ranked among the Orientalists. Although he has not gained such a wide reputation as Weeks or Bridgman, yet he holds his own, and in display of imagination and as a painter of sunlight he has few equals anywhere. One of his paintings I particularly like represented the Hall of Linderaja of the Alhambra, with several peacocks in the foreground and the sunshine seen through the balcony reflecting on the tiles,—an interesting combination of green and blue.

J. J. Enneking's name can seldom be mentioned without conjuring up a smile to the lips of the artists, as they all have some anecdote to tell about him. On entering the studio of a colleague who is contemplating some difficult part of a newly started picture, he at once knows where the fault lies, and will then let loose all his theories on art, chiaroscuro, drawing, etc. If he speaks any length of time he gets excited to the highest pitch. He can talk for hours, and if one visits his studio he is sure to show one so many pictures—he has them in every size and at every price from \$25-\$2,000—that one gets confused and abashed at that outpour of genius—for Enneking has genius—and on leaving him at last, as tired as after a Wagner Opera, he will still talk to the visitor through the bars of the elevator, even stop the elevator man once or twice in his descent, until his victim has finally reached *terra firma* and made his escape. He has also the reputation of being a close student of exhibitions, and whenever there is something striking in one or the other picture, he is sure to adopt the peculiarity in his next picture which otherwise is originally conceived. But this is probably mere slander. He has lately adopted a much higher key of colors in his paintings but that is the influence of the modern French school which nobody can escape as little as the use of orange and purple which are the two fashionable colors now, and used to such an extent that Winsor & Newton and other color manufacturers have to devote a special department to their fabrication. Enneking paints many things and, like all artists, he likes those in which he is deficient better than the subjects in which he excels. It is his sunset and autumnal landscapes which will give him a lasting reputation. He cares very little for the correct anatomy of a tree, but he has wonderful

ability to depict the general effect of the fading sunlight with its fierce glow of red and orange colors breaking through the leafless branches, and as often as he may repeat himself, even the most careless sketch of these scenes is always a work of art.

F. H. Tompkins is undoubtedly the best figure painter in town, and people slowly awaken to the fact. He is not such a very old hand at painting, either. It was not so very many years ago that he lived in North Fairfield in Ohio and got his inspirations from advertising carts that came through the village, and envied a crayon artist who made a temporary stay to paint the portraits of all the village celebrities. Later on he went to Munich and became a favorite pupil of Prof. Loeftz, under whom many Americans have studied, though hardly any have been as successful as Tompkins. To his "mother and child" pictures he owes his great success. His religious pictures, though they adhere to no special creed, can naturally not have as many admirers. At present he is working at a "Hester Prynne." The opinions of his colleagues about him differ largely. Many think him old-fashioned, but that is hardly just; it would be much more to the point to endorse what one of our clever young artists has said about him: "He is heavy, but it is here"—pointing to his forehead. Tompkins lives like a hermit, continually smoking, restlessly working at his pictures, scraping away the work of hours a dozen times and more, and painting the same thing over and over again. The world sees but little of him except at the Saturday Luncheons of the Art Club, where he likes to have a chat or play a game of billiards. His big studio on Northampton street,—the dullest street in Boston, which does not hear the noise of carriage wheels for months sometimes,—is kept by a widow who, with her little child, has figured upon many of his canvases.

It is quite a number of years ago that I. M. Gauguigig, the *Meissonnier of America*, as he is titled by some of his admirers, painted the fresco of little fauns over the stage of the Museum, for \$100. His pictures, like the "The First Hearing" and "The Duel," sell for thousands of dollars now. Nobody in Boston can compare with him in painting details; as a painter of buttons, shoe buckles, every thread stealing out of a buttonhole, every wrinkle in a satin-breeches, he reigns supreme. A remark which one of the artists made before Gauguigig's picture deserves to be repeated: "Take a man, dress him up in a revolutionary costume, place him among old-fashioned furniture, and look at him through a diminishing glass, and you have Gauguigig's pictures." He is personally like the miniature figures he represents on his canvases—a man of the last century. His whole way of living, his extreme politeness, his graceful gestures and movements, his manner of dressing and conversation are those of a cavalier of the last century. An amusing anecdote is related about Gauguigig's artistic pride, which is quite like the man. One day when he was short—to be short is a contagious chronic disease among artists for which there is no remedy except it were more picture buyers,—and had dispensed with his luncheon in order to eat a more hearty dinner at the Tavern Club, where bills are only due every month, a stout, well dressed man entered his

studio, with a handkerchief before his nose. When the handkerchief was removed, the artist saw to his astonishment that the nose was of tin. The stout gentleman told him that he would give him \$50 if he would paint it life-like. Gauguigig became indignant at what he considered an insult to his art and politely showed the stout gent to the door. Gauguigig was \$50 out of pocket and the stout gentleman calmly proceeded to some other less ambitious artist in the building who painted him a beautiful red nose.

(To be continued.)

J. W. STIMSON is still at Saranac Lake, slowly recovering, I believe, from some serious lung troubles which he contracted during his indefatigable work at the New York School of Artist-Artisans. Stimson was the most perfect teacher, and whole-souled enthusiast that I have ever met, without exception. His enthusiasm knew no limits. I have heard him one day explain with passionate eloquence the characteristic of the different styles of architecture to a number of pupils, then turning to me he gave a similar description with the same fervor and glow of language, and then repeated it for the third time to a visitor who just arrived, when he had finished with me. Stimson is one of the martyrs of our industrial art. He only promoted that which was vital and organic in deep sympathy with individuality, the spirit of nature and National character, and he was fully equipped for that task. He was not only an artist who had sacrificed the glories he could personally achieve in order to rear new talents, but also was a poet and orator, as one could readily find out at his Saturday morning speeches to the composition class, and a philosopher through his "Principles and Methods of Art Education." If our young art students would understand his "Suggestions," so often ridiculed by the ignorant—it would be desirable that men who want to become artists should have such a degree of intelligence—it would be hardly necessary any longer for them to go to Europe except for technique and sightseeing. In principles, Europe could not teach them any more than Stimson. The art education of our country should be entrusted to his hands, and the future generations would reap a wonderful harvest.

HAVING heard so much about color music lately I wondered whether I had ever come across it in American painting. Yes, I remember, the most ambitious feature of Du Mond's "Baptism" was its attempt in color music. Du Mond has always been fond of green, but he never realized such a painfully penetrating quality before. My retinas refused to absorb anything but that heart-corroding green so that at the first glance I failed even to perceive with how little devotion he had treated that devout subject. I wonder if he was inspired by a poem of one of those eccentric Symbolist poets in Paris, which begins: "Now I know it, green, yes green is the background of Christ's life." But in truth I believe Du Mond seriously resembles Rochegrosse who likes vermillion because it has a calming influence on his nerves. Du Mond's nerves seem to demand that painful green, though now and then his eyes take a rest in the complimentary color as in his *Portia*.